THE CHILLING ARCHIVES OF HORROR COMICS!™

HAUNTED HORROR™

Yoe® COMICS

#33

FORELOCK the WARLOCK

FORELOCK THE WARLOCK

DR. FREDRIC WERTHLESS CAN'T SAVE YOU FROM THE PULPY POLTERGIESTS, COMIC BOOK-Y CREATURES, AND FOUR-COLORED FIENDS THAT AWAIT YOU IN THIS ISSUE OF MY FAVORITE RAG. BECAUSE MY CO-ERTS, MR. KARSWELL AND MADAM CLIZIA HAVE GONE A-HAUNTING I, FORELOCK THE WARLOCK, WELCOME YOU, FRIGHT FAN, TO THESE HORRIFIC DELIGHTS...
Art by Angelo Torres
torres

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Horror Comics: 1950s and Beyond!

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On the cover, *Strange Stories From Another World* #4, December 1952. Art: Norman Saunders. Fawcett.

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KEITH LESTER WAS A SELF-WILLED, ARROGANT MAN WHO BELIEVED THAT OTHERS SHOULD PAY FOR HIS WEAKNESSES! HE GOT AWAY WITH A LOT--EVEN MURDER, UNTIL THE DREADFUL MOMENT WHEN HE SUFFERED GHASTLY PUNISHMENT ON THE

SKELETON'S GIBBET

A GAMBLING ROOM IN THE HEART OF LONDON'S SOHO DISTRICT...

GIVE ME A BREAK, NOEL! I NEED MORE TIME TO RAISE THE MONEY!
A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS, MY BOY...THAT'S A BIT OF SCRATCH! PAY ME IN A WEEK OR...

B-184-0

WE HAVE COME OUT OF OUR COFFINS TO JUDGE YOU, KEITH LESTER! YOU HAVE COMMITTED THE FOULEST OF CRIMES AND BLOOD MUST BE ANSWERED WITH BLOOD!
NO! NO! YOU'RE WRONG! I'M INNOCENT! YOU MUST BELIEVE ME... YOU MUST!!

...IT'LL BE THIS! YOU KNOW I'M NOT FOOLING, DON'T YOU?
Y-YES! I'LL HAVE THE MONEY!
THIS IS JUST A SAMPLE! NOW GET OUT OF HERE! NEXT TIME YOU COME, BRING THE MONEY! UNTIL THEN-- STAY OUT!
ALL RIGHT, NOEL-- I'M GOING!

The Unseen #14, April 1954. Rocco Mastroserio. Pines.

OUTSIDE THE CLUB...

EVERYONE PUSHES ME AROUND BECAUSE I'M BROKE! BUT I MUST RAISE THE MONEY...

NOEL'S CLUB

THAT'S IT... MY RICH COUSIN LOUISE! SHE WOULDN'T WANT THE FAMILY DISGRACED! I'VE GOT JUST ENOUGH LEFT TO GET TO KENT!

AT THE COUNTRY HOME OF LOUISE WINTERS, NEXT DAY...

IT'S AN UNFORTUNATE TIME TO VISIT! I'VE DISMISSED THE SERVANTS AND I'M ALL ALONE!

DISMISSED THE SERVANTS? WHY?

UNCLE DUNCAN'S JUST DIED AND LEFT ME THE ENTIRE ESTATE AT MACHONIE! IF I'D HAVE BEEN OUT OF THE WAY, YOU WOULD'VE INHERITED IT INSTEAD OF ME!

DON'T MOCK ME! I NEED A HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS BADLY! THAT'S NOTHING TO YOU NOW! WITHOUT IT, MY LIFE'S NOT WORTH A TINKER'S DAMN!

I TOLD YOU, KEITH, I'D NEVER PAY OFF ANOTHER OF YOUR GAMBLING DEBTS! NOW... IF YOU DON'T MIND, I'M MOTORING TO MACHONIE!

THEN YOU WON'T HELP ME?

NO! YOU CAN PULL YOUR OWN CHESTNUTS OUT OF THE FIRE!

ALL RIGHT, LOUISE! I'LL GET THE MONEY!

NOBODY KNEW I WAS HERE! IT'S A SIMPLE MATTER NOW! SHE WAS TO MOTOR TO MACHONIE -- BUT SHE'LL NOT GET THERE!

THE ROAD RUNS ALONG THE CLIFFS... IT'S A BAD ROAD... ACCIDENTS CAN HAPPEN!

ON AN ISOLATED STRETCH, KEITH PUSHES THE SMALL CAR OVER THE CLIFF, WITH THE DEAD GIRL IN IT!

GOODBYE, LOUISE! I'LL GET BACK TO MY LODGINGS! I BETTER BE THERE WHEN THEY BREAK THE NEWS TO ME!

LATER... I'VE BAD TIDINGS, MR. LESTER! YOUR COUSIN, LOUISE WINTERS, WAS KILLED IN A MOTORCAR ACCIDENT! YOU MUST IDENTIFY HER BODY!

THIS IS TERRIBLE! I'LL...I'LL BE READY IN A FEW MINUTES!

SOON, AT A MORTUARY, FAR FROM THE CRIME...

IT'S LOUISE, ALL RIGHT! HOW AWFUL... SHE HAD EVERY-THING TO LIVE FOR...

A TERRIBLE TRAGEDY, SIR! BUT YOU'VE A FURTHER ORDEAL, MR. CARVER! YOUR COUSIN'S SOLICITOR IS AT THE POLICE STATION! HE WANTS A WORD WITH YOU!

AT THE POLICE STATION...

DUE TO YOUR COUSIN'S UN-FORTUNATE DEMISE, YOU ARE SUCCESSOR TO THE INHERITANCE AT MACHONIE! IF YOU WILL SIGN THESE PAPERS, WE CAN SETTLE THE MATTER AT ONCE!

BELIEVE ME, I'D GLADLY GIVE UP THIS WHOLE FORTUNE TO BRING LOUISE BACK!

I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, MR. LESTER... BUT ONE MUST BE REALISTIC--IN THE MIDST OF LIFE WE ARE SURROUNDED BY DEATH!

POOR LOUISE!

YOU ARE NOW THE OWNER OF THE MACHONIE ESTATE! IT IS WORTH 100,000 POUNDS. YOU MAY DRAW CHECKS ON IT AT ANY TIME!

THANK YOU! I'LL LEAVE FOR MACHONIE IN A FEW DAYS! I MUST SETTLE SOME BUSINESS IN LONDON FIRST!

THE NEXT DAY KEITH GOES TO SETTLE HIS DEBT...

WELL, WHAT IS IT? IF YOU THINK I'LL GIVE YOU ADDITIONAL TIME, YOU'RE CRAZY!

I CAME TO PAY UP, NOEL!

SEE?

UHH!

HERE'S YOUR MONEY! WE'RE EVEN!

AT LAST KEITH ARRIVES AT CASTLE MACHONIE...

WELCOME, MASTER KEITH! I AM MALCOLM, THE CARETAKER!

I'M TIRED, MALCOLM! BRING SOME FOOD AND WHISKEY TO MY ROOM!

A FEW MINUTES LATER...

YOUR ROOM, SIR!

STOP DODDERING AROUND! GET MY FOOD AND DRINK!

WHAT IN THE WORLD'S WRONG WITH ME? I'M FRIGHTENED... AND I SHOULD FEEL ON TOP OF THE WORLD! I HAVE EVERYTHING... MONEY, POSITION, POWER!

YOU DO NOT BELONG HERE!

WHO SAID THAT? I... YAAAAAAAA! LOUISE!!

YES, KEITH... LOUISE!

YOU'LL HAVE NO REST... NO PEACE! THERE WILL BE A DAY OF JUDGEMENT FOR WHAT YOU'VE DONE TO ME!

YAAA! HELP! HELP! YAAAH!!

SIR! WHAT IS IT!

SHE'S STANDING THERE! GET HER OUT OF HERE!

BUT, SIR... NO ONE IS HERE!

I SEE...NO ONE? I MUST BE OVER-TIRED! LEAVE ME NOW, ALL OF YOU!

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF IT MALCOLM? HE SEEMS GENUINELY FRIGHTENED!

AY! HE SUFFERS FROM A TERRIBLE GUILT, LOGAN! THERE IS A FINAL JUDGEMENT FOR THE LIKES OF HIM! ONE DAY HE'LL GO INTO THE CELLAR!

THAT HE WILL, AND IF HE'S GUILTY, THEY'LL PASS JUDGE-MENT!

FOR DAYS, KEITH STAYS HIDDEN IN THE ROOM, DRINKING HEAVILY, REFUSING TO COME OUT...

EMPTY! WHISKEY... MORE WHISKEY, MALCOLM!

MALCOLM! OH, I FORGOT...ALL THE SERVANTS WENT TO A FESTIVAL IN TOWN! I'M ALONE IN THIS ACCURSED PLACE!

ALONE...AND WITHOUT ANY WHISKEY! WELL, I'LL GET SOME... WE'VE A WELL-STOCKED CELLAR!

IN SEARCH OF THE WHISKEY, KEITH DESCENDS A CIRCULAR STAIRCASE INTO THE DUNGEON-LIKE CELLAR WHERE THE MUSTY AIR REEKS WITH THE STALE ODOR OF ROT AND MILDEW...

A FINE THING...SO RICH, AND I MUST DO THIS MYSELF! I'LL SACK THOSE SERVANTS!

THAT MUST BE THE STORE-ROOM! I'LL GRAB A FEW BOTTLES AND HURRY OUT OF HERE! THIS PLACE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

THIS ISN'T A STORE-ROOM...IT'S A BURIAL VAULT! THESE ARE COFFINS!

THE DOOR!

SLAM!

AS KEITH, IN A FRENZY OF FEAR TRIES TO PULL OPEN THE HEAVY DOOR OF THE BURIAL VAULT, THERE IS A HIDEOUS CREAKING OF RUSTED HINGES AND THE LIDS OF THE COFFINS OPEN...

THE COFFINS! --MUST GET AWAY!

THERE'S NO ESCAPE, KEITH LESTER! THIS IS YOUR DAY OF JUDGEMENT AND YOUR DEAD ANCESTORS SHALL JUDGE YOU!

YOU USURPED YOUR POSITION AS HEAD OF THE HOUSEHOLD! YOU COMMITTED A FOUL MURDER TO GAIN IT! YOU KILLED ONE OF YOUR OWN BLOOD!

I DIDN'T DO IT! IT'S...IT'S A LIE!

LOUISE WINTERS, COME FORTH! FACE YOUR SLAYER AND PRESENT THE CHARGE!

I AM HERE!

WAIT! WAIT! I DID IT! BUT LET ME EXPLAIN! SHE REFUSED TO...

I HAD NO CHANCE! YOU STRUCK ME DOWN IN COLD BLOOD! I SEEK JUSTICE! I WANTED LIFE AND LOVE AND LAUGHTER--INSTEAD, I FOUND DEATH! I DEMAND VENGEANCE!

LOUISE... FORGIVE ME, PLEASE! I'LL MAKE IT UP SOMEHOW! I'LL DO ANYTHING!

TOO LATE, KEITH! MUCH TOO LATE!

YOU HEARD THE CULPRIT ADMIT HIS GUILT! WHAT SHALL HIS PUNISHMENT BE?

DEATH! A MURDERER MUST SUFFER DEATH BY HANGING!

SO BE IT! CARRY OUT THE VERDICT!

NO! NO!

MOMENTS LATER, KEITH STRUGGLES FOR LIFE AS THE NOOSE STRANGLES HIM...

THIS IS YOUR INHERITANCE, KEITH, THE EMPTY LONELINESS OF DEATH!

LATER THAT NIGHT...

THE MASTER IS MISSING! HE MUST BE SOMEWHERE ON THE GROUNDS OR IN THE CASTLE! THE REST OF YOU, GO OUT ONTO THE MOORS!

AYE, MALCOLM! WE WILL START AT ONCE!

I KNOW WHERE TO LOOK, LOGAN!

THE VAULT, EH? COME, MAN, LET'S GET IT OVER WITH! I'VE NO STOMACH TO STAY HERE!

AS THE TWO MEN APPROACH, THEIR TORCHES REVEAL THE LIFELESS BODY OF KEITH DANGLING FROM THE ROPES...

HE... HE TOOK HIS OWN LIFE...

NAY, LOGAN... SEE-- YON COFFIN IS OPEN-- THEY PASSED JUDGEMENT ON HIM... FOR SOME CRIME HE COMMITTED!

WE'LL NEVER KNOW WHAT CRIME... BUT HE'S PAID THE PENALTY.. THE FULL PENALTY AS EACH MAN MUST ON HIS DAY OF JUDGEMENT!

The END

IT'S NO CRIME TO BE AMBITIOUS! AND IT'S NO SHAME TO BE ENVIOUS! BUT WHEN MURDER AND GREED ARE COMBINED TO GET YOU WHAT YOU WANT... THEN WATCH OUT! YOU MAY MEET A LITTLE OLD LADY WHO'LL INVITE YOU TO...

STEP INTO MY PARLOUR

THOSE ROTTEN COPPERS ARE GAINING ON US! TURN IN THAT ALLEY, QUICK!

WE'LL NEVER MAKE IT! WHAT ARE WE GONNA DO?

BLAM! BLAM!

STOP BLUBBERIN' AND DO AS I SAY!

BUT, JOEY... T-THEY'RE GETTIN' NEARER!

WE FOOLED EM' JOEY, HA, HA, HA!

YEAH,, NO THANKS TO YOU! NOW WE GOTTA DUMP THIS CAR! GET GOING!

WHHEEOOOOOO

MINUTES LATER...

THAT'S IT! NOW WE'RE CLEAN! NOW WE GOTTA LAY LOW!

THESE TENEMENT SECTIONS ARE GOOD, JOEY! NO ONE WILL FIND US HERE!

Weird Terror #8, November 1953. Al Tewks. Comic Media.

SO JOEY FERRIS AND PETE BARLO, PUBLIC ENEMIES NO. 1 AND 2 RESPECTIVELY, FOUND THEIR RATS ROOST QUICKLY...

FIFTEEN BUCKS A WEEK.. IN ADVANCE! TAKE IT OR LEAVE IT!

OKAY.. BUT NO DISTURBANCE ..UNDERSTAND? WE WANT PRIVACY!

INSIDE THE ROOM AFTERWARDS...

OF ALL THE PLACES TO HOLE UP IN... WE GOTTA PICK THIS FLEA BAG! YOU AND YOUR BIG IDEAS!

STOP GRIPIN! IN TWO WEEKS THE HEAT'LL BE OFF AND WE CAN BLOW THIS DUMP!

BUT TWO WEEKS IS A LONG TIME, PETE! IF I EVER CATCH ANYONE O' THESE NOSEY BIRDS WALTZIN' AROUND HERE, I'LL FIX HIS WAGON.

DON'T WORRY, PAL! NO ONE'S GONNA FIND OUT ABOUT-

-THIS!

YEAH! THEY BETTER NOT.. OR THEY'LL *NEVER* SEE ANYTHING AGAIN!

ONLY THING IS .. WE GOTTA MAKE LIKE WE'RE THE NEIGHBORS TOO, OR SOMEONE MAY GET SUSPICIOUS! WE GOTTA MINGLE IN WITH THOSE JERKS DOWN BELOW!

THAT OUGHTA' BE EASY! ALL WE GOTTA DO IS TEAR OUR PANTS, NOT SHAVE, AND LOOK DOWN AND OUT! THIS IS GONNA BE A BREEZE! HA, HA....

AND A FEW DAYS LATER THE TWO MEN BEGAN THEIR PLAN OF LOSING THEIR IDENTITIES....

PHEW, DIS STINK IS KILLIN' ME! I'D RATHER GO BACK INTO MY HOLE AND SWEAT! ANYTHING BUT THIS!

YOU'RE GONNA SWEAT RIGHT HERE! LET THESE NOSEY APES THINK WE'RE OUT OF WORK OR SOMETHING! NOW JUST SHADDUP!

BOBBY LOCK

HI, BABY! DOING ANYTHING TONIGHT?

THAT DEPENDS, MISTER!

TRASH

C'MON, NITWIT! NO DAMES FOR US! YOU WANNA SPILL YER GUTS TO HER AND LAND IN THE CLINK?

BUT, JOEY! I WON'T TELL HER ANYTHING! AW--!

AND SOME-TIME LATER, WITH THE NEIGH-BORS ON THE STOOP ...

THAT'S RIGHT, MRS. WITHERS! WE'RE -UH- TRAVELING SALES-MEN... YOU SEE, WE NEED TO STAY RIGHT HERE FER A FEW DAYS.. AND THEN WE'LL BE LEAVING!

OH, HERE COMES THAT HORRIBLE BLOATED WOMAN!

SHE OWNS THAT WHOLE BUILDING... BEEN HERE EVER SINCE WE CAN REMEMBER! NEVER SEEMS TO GET OLD! SHE ONLY USES THE FIRST FLOOR.. KEEPS THE REST BOARDED UP!

YEAH.. SHE'S GOT PLENTY O'DOUGH!

SLAM!

?

HOW DO YOU KNOW THAT?

EASY! SHE ALWAYS COMES HOME WITH A WRAPPED UP PACKAGE. WOULDN'T BE SURPRISED IF SHE GOT MONEY IN IT! PROBABLY BEGS DOWNTOWN! QUEER THOUGH... NEVER TALKS TO PEOPLE... AN' THERE'S SOUNDS FROM HER HOUSE AT NIGHTS!

SHE'S DOWNRIGHT SCAREY! BEST LEAVE HER ALONE!

BUT JOEY COULDN'T GET THE BLOATED OLD LADY OUT OF HIS MIND.. HE COULDN'T...

SHE'S RICH, HEH? WHATCHA THINK EH, PETE?

PROBABLY JUST...

YA-A-A-A-H!

HOLY SMOKE! W-WHAT WAS THAT? SOUNDED WEIRD!

IT WAS A SCREAM.. AND IT CAME FROM THAT OLD BAG'S HOUSE! YOU AN' ME GOT A DATE WITH HER TOMORROW, PAL!

AND THAT DAWN, THE TWO PARKED THEMSELVES ON THEIR NEIGHBOR'S STEPS...

WE'RE YOUR NEIGHBORS, MA'AM! CAN WE HELP YOU DOWN THE STEPS?

THANK YOU! YOU'RE VERY KIND! SEEMS I HAVEN'T HEARD YOUR VOICES AROUND HERE BEFORE.

UH... WE'RE NEW HERE! BEG YOUR PARDON, BUT WE HEARD SCREAMS LAST NIGHT AND THEY SEEMED TO COME FROM YOUR HOUSE!

OH, **THAT!** JUST MY PARROT! SHE LOVES TO SCREECH NOW AND THEN! YOU'LL HAVE TO FORGIVE HER, SIR!

...AND THANK YOU FOR YOUR KIND ATTENTION! NOW I HAVE TO GET TO WORK! EVEN THE BLIND MUST LIVE! HEH, HEH...

SHE DON'T LOOK SO BLIND TO ME! SHE AINT GOT NO WALKING CANE!

BLIND OR NOT, PETE, SHE'S GOT DOUGH! SHE'S A SHREWD BIRD ALL RIGHT! BUT NOT SHREWD ***ENOUGH!*** I THINK WE'LL PAY HER A VISIT LATER TONIGHT, WHEN IT'S ***NICE AND DARK!***

AND WHEN MIDNIGHT CAST ITS CLOAK OF SILENCE ON THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

THINK SHE HEARD US BREAK IN THE BACK DOOR?

NAW! AND EVEN IF SHE DID.. SO WHAT? SHE CAN'T DO ANYTHING TO STOP US NOW! WERE IN!

LOOK, THERE SHE IS!

AND SHE'S COUNTING HER DOUGH! O.K.! GIVE IT TO HER! IT'S GOTTA BE FAST!

BUT JUST AS THEY STEPPED INSIDE...

LET US OUTTA THIS MONKEY CAGE! YOU NUTS OR SOMETHING? LET US OUT!

WHAT KIND O' TREATMENT IS THIS, ANYWAY? GET US OUT!

HEH! HEH!

OH, NO! I COULDN'T DO THAT! YOU'D CHEAT ME OUT OF A MEAL...AND **THEY** WOULD THINK I'M NOT AS CAPABLE AS THEY THINK I AM!

WHAT ARE YA TALKING ABOUT? JUST GET US OUTTA HERE! WE.. WE WON'T TOUCH YOUR MONEY!

MONEY? IS THAT WHY YOU CAME HERE TO VISIT ME? OH.. HOW FOOLISH! YOU THOUGHT I HAD MONEY IN THESE BUNDLES? HEH, HEH, HEH! IT'S ONLY BEEF... **RAW** BEEF! YOU SEE, I EAT BEEF EVERY DAY! I NEED THE BONES!

THE WATCHERS ON MY PLANET PUT ME HERE... ON THIS WORLD, BECAUSE I'M A **CRIMINAL!** YOU SEE, I DISLIKED EATING HUMAN MEAT THERE ...AND SO THEY'RE PUNISHING ME! I HAVE TO EAT YOU POOR CREATURES AND SAVE YOUR BONES! WHEN I FILL MY QUOTA, THEY'LL LET ME RETURN!

SHE'S **NUTS!** STARK, RAVING NUTS!

YEAH! MIGHT HAVE KNOWN IT! BUT I'M NOT GONNA STAY HERE ONE SECOND MORE!

I'M GETTING OUT! **RIGHT NOW!**

BLAM BLAM

OKAY! TAKE OFF! LEAVE THE LOONEY HERE! SHE'S HARMLESS! SHE WON'T TALK!

I DON'T CARE **WHAT** SHE DOES! I'M BLOWING OUTTA HERE, RIGHT NOW!

I'M AFRAID YOU GENTLEMEN MISUNDERSTOOD ME! YOU **CAN'T** LEAVE HERE! YOU CAN'T **EVER** LEAVE HERE!

UGH-H-MY-T-THROAT...

SCREAM IF YOU WANT! MY "PARROT" JUST SIMPLY LOVES TO SCREAM! HEH, HEH... MY.. BUT I THINK YOU TWO ARE GOING TO MAKE A DELICIOUS MEAL!

YAAAAH!

SO, THE MORAL TO OUR LITTLE TALE, DEAR READERS, IS THIS: DON'T STEP INTO THE PARLOURS OF LITTLE FAT LADIES! THEY MAY TURN OUT TO BE SUCH TERRIBLE **KILLJOYS!**

THE END

NO! IT CAN'T BE--YOURE DEAD!

AHHHH... THE DEAD HAVE COME TO LIFE!

YAAAAA...

MEDICAL STUDENTS BECOME CALLOUSED TO SIGHTS WHICH MIGHT SHOCK OTHERS INTO THEIR GRAVES. BUT NOT EVEN CALLOUSED MEDICAL STUDENTS COULD STAND THE HIDEOUS...

TANK OF CORPSES

WHEN THEY DIE, THE CITY'S POOR AND NAMELESS OFTEN TRAVEL A SILENT ROAD TO CITY HOSPITAL'S "CORPSE TANK", A DEEP VAT OF COOL FORMALDEHYDE IN WHICH THE UNCLAIMED DEAD ARE PRESERVED. FROM THIS TANK, MEDICAL STUDENTS CLAIM "SPECIMENS" TO STUDY...

YAWWWNNN!--I'M THROUGH WITH "LOUIE" HERE, MACK. HOW ABOUT YOU?

JUST ABOUT. I'LL CALL IT QUITS AS SOON AS I PROBE THIS ARM FOR THE SOCKET-BONE-JOINT.

Witches Tales #9, April 1952. Joe Certa. Harvey Comics.

LET'S SEE HOW YOU'RE DOING---

THERE'S A TOUGH PIECE HERE TO CUT. I--*HEY!* LOOK OUT--

BLAST IT!

HA-HA-HA!! GOOD THING YOU'RE WORKING ON A "STIFF"! A REGULAR PATIENT WOULDN'T EXACTLY GO FOR YOUR TECHNIQUE. *HA-HA-HA*--

WELL...LET'S CALL IT A DAY. WE'VE GOT TO GET READY FOR THE PARTY...

OKAY. I'M NOT IN SHAPE FOR ANY MORE DISSECTION TONIGHT. MY EYES ARE ABOUT READY TO GIVE OUT...

WELL, WELL-- DIDN'T KNOW YOU GENTLEMEN WERE IN HERE. *HE-HE-HE*--GOT ANOTHER BEAUTY HERE--- *HE-HE-HE*--- WANTS TO TAKE A SWIM IN OUR TANK, SHE DOES...

SAY, SAM, WHEN YOU HAVE TIME, PUT THESE TWO BODIES BACK IN THE TANK, WILL YOU?

SURELY, SURELY, BOYS. BUT FIRST OL' SAM HAS TA PUT QUEEN SHEBA HERE IN THE TANK. *HE-HE-HE*--- SHE'S A *SPECIAL* GUEST...

THEY SAY SHE WAS A GYPSY WITCH AN' WHEN SHE DIED THE TRIBE DISOWNED HER. *HE-HE-HE*---LOOK AT THEM PURTY CURLS! *HE-HE-HE*-- Y'KNOW, THEY SAY IF YOU CUT OFF A WITCH'S HAIR SHE'LL COME BACK FROM THE DEAD TO GET HER LOCKS...

HAVE A NICE SWIM, WITCHY! *HE-HE-HE*-- FIRST TIME WE EVER HAD A WITCH IN OUR SWIMMIN' POOL! *HE-HE-HE*-- SUCH PURTY CURLS SHE HAS...

BRRR! WHY DON'T THEY FIRE THAT OLD CUCKOO! HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS...

FIRE HIM? *HA-HA-HA*--- WHO ELSE WOULD TAKE THIS JOB! BESIDES, HE GAVE ME A TERRIFIC IDEA--FOR THE PARTY TONIGHT---

HEY! *WHAT* ARE YOU DOING?

CUTTING OFF THE WITCH'S HAIR, BOY! WE'LL USE THESE LOCKS TO MAKE PLACE-CARDS AT THE PARTY! A KNOCK-OUT OF AN IDEA, HUH? WAIT'LL I TELL EVERYONE IT'S GENUINE WITCH'S HAIR! *HA-HA-HA*---

I--I DON'T KNOW, TED. SOMEHOW I-- WELL, I WONDER IF IT'S RIGHT. YOU KNOW WHAT OLD SAM SAID...

DON'T TELL ME YOU *BELIEVE* THAT DRIVEL OF SAM'S! *HA-HA-HA*---LOOK AT THAT OLD HAG IN THERE! YOU MEAN YOU THINK *SHE'LL* COME TO LIFE AND COME AFTER HER HAIR?

AND SO THE DISSECTION ROOM WAS LEFT IN SILENCE. BUT AS THE MOON ROSE...

MY HAIR--{GASP}---MY HAA-I-R-R-R-R-R---

THE GYPSY WITCH MOVED...AND THEN HER LIPS WRITHED IN GHASTLY GRIMACE...

AHHHH! THEY TOOK MY HAIR-- AND I SHALL HAVE IT BACK IN MY GRAVE--*A-HA-HA-HA-HA-HA*-- RISE, MY PRETTIES-- BY BEELZEBUB AND DARKNESS RISE-- RISE TO MY BIDDING---

MEANWHILE, AT THE SMALL, INEXPENSIVE APARTMENT IN WHICH LIVE MACK AND TED...

WELL, IT'S BEEN A KNOCKOUT PARTY, GUYS, BUT I'VE GOT TO SCRAM-GOT EXAMS TOMORROW.

I'M TAKING MY PRICELESS PLACE-CARD WITH ME. "WITCH'S HAIR"-- HA-HA-HA-

SURE--EVERY-BODY TAKE THEIR HUNK OF HAIR WITH 'EM! HA-HA-A-- AND WATCH OUT FOR THE WITCH WHEN SHE COMES TO CLAIM IT!

LISTEN TO ME-E-E-HE-HE-HE---MY PRETTIES! WE SEARCH FOR WITCH'S HAIR--MY OWN! AND YOU WILL SEE IT WITH YOUR EYES OF DEATH FOR IT WILL *GLOW* FOR YOU WHEREVER IT IS! KILL---*BRING BACK MY WITCH'S HAIR*---

AND IN A FAR CORNER OF THE CITY TED AND MACK WALK THEIR DATES HOME...

HONESTLY, TED, YOU'RE A SCREAM! HA-HA-HA--- IMAGINE-- CUTTING OFF A WITCH'S HAIR!

YOU KNOW ME, TOOTS! "TERRIBLE TED!"

HA-HA--AS IF THERE WERE SUCH THINGS AS WITCHES!

WELL, WE'D BETTER *HOPE* THERE AREN'T SUCH THINGS!

AND FAR ABOVE THE NIGHT AIR CARRIES WITH IT HIDEOUS PASSENGERS...

ARRRRR--

THE GLOW--- THE G-L-O-W-W--

AND IN THE ROOM FAR BELOW ONE OF THE PARTY GOERS PREPARES FOR DREAM-LAND...

:YAWWWWN: NOW FOR A GOOD NIGHT'S SLEEP...HA-HA-HA---THOSE CRAZY BOYS---WITCH'S HAIR--HAHAHA-- :YAWWNNNN:---

AHHHH...

THE HAIR---THE WITCH'S HAIR...

AND THE ROAD TO DREAMLAND PROVES TO BE A DETOUR TO THE DARK LAND OF DEATH... FOR A LOCK OF HAIR...

ARRRGGHH--

DEATH FOR THOSE WHO STEAL THE HAIR...

AND OTHER PARTY GOERS MEET A SIMILAR FATE...

YAAA--

THE HAIR--- HER HAIR--- I COME FOR IT---

ONE BY ONE THE PARTY GOERS MEET DEATH... A HARSH SCREAMING DEATH--- THE DEATH OF BLACK MAGIC...

GUESS I'LL LEAVE THE BEDROOM DOOR OPEN A BIT-- *AHHH!* THAT FACE-- *THAT FACE!*

HAIR--IN THERE-- THE WITCH'S HAIR---

HELLLLLLPPPP---

AHHHHH!!

THE HAIR---THE WITCH'S HAIR--THERE WILL BE NO REST!

CRASH

A-HA-HA-HA-HA---WE HAVE ALMOST ALL OF IT NOW, MY PRETTIES! ALL--EXCEPT FOR TWO LOCKS-- AND I MUST HAVE THAT, TOO---*I MUST HAVE IT*---

AND IT IS THERE--THERE WHERE THE GLOW IS... FOLLOW ME... *HE-HE-HE-HE-HE*---

WE COME...FOR THE HAIR...THE WITCH'S HAIR...

WHEW... WHY DO YOU GALS LIVE SO *FAR* AWAY. OHH, MY POOR FEET...

HA-HA-HA --WE'RE ALMOST THERE. SOON AS WE GET ACROSS THE BRIDGE...

AHHHHH --*LOOK*-- **LOOK!**

WHAT-- IS IT--

MY HAIR-- M-Y--- H-A-I-R---

TED-- TED-- IT'S THE WITCH..

AHHH!!!

MY HAIR-- MY H-A-I-R--- I HAVE IT--- KILL--- K-I-L-L---

YAAAA

NOOOO

ONLY ONE FIGURE IS LEFT ON THE BRIDGE.. THAT OF TED... AND AS HE RISES HE STARES ABOUT HIM WITH A MADMAN'S EYES...

I MUST-- HAVE *DREAMED* THIS --:GASP:--MUST BE A DREAM! IT COULDN'T-- HAVE BEEN THAT GYPSY! :GASP: SHE'S--- SHE'S IN THE CORPSE TANK. OR --IS SHE? I'VE GOT TO KNOW-- GOT--TO-- KNOW---

WITH TERROR BURNING HIS HEELS, TED RACED TO CITY HOSPITAL... AND THE DISSECTION ROOM. THEN...

NO! SHE'S STILL THERE! IT *IS* A DREAM---I--:GASP:--*THE HAIR! SHE HAS THE HAIR IN HER HAND---OH!---IT CAN'T BE---*

AHHHH---*MACK!* *SUE--BETH!* THEY'RE--*HA-HA-HA-HA---* *IN THE TANK!* HA-HA-HA--THE WITCH PUT THEM THERE--- HA-HA-HA-HA---THEY'RE DEAD--*DEAD*--HA-HA-HA-HA--

The End

HIGH IN THE BAVARIAN ALPS, NESTLED TO THE BOSOM OF THE SNOW-CLAD GIANTS...A CHALET STANDS---AND UNKNOWN TO ITS OCCUPANTS, **DEATH** IN ITS MOST **HIDEOUS** FORM AWAITS IN FROZEN SILENCE--

INSIDE THE CHALET, A PLEA TO BEWARE FALLS ON UNHEARING EARS!---

PLEASE, HERR JOHNSON-LISTEN TO ME!-- DO **NOT** GO ON THE **NORTHERN SLOPE!** I **BEG** OF YOU---

BOSH, FRITZ-- YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I THAT THE **BEST** SKIING IS ON THE NORTHERN SIDE OF THE MOUNTAIN!...

IF YOU GO THERE--IT WILL BE THE **LAST TIME** YOUR SKIS WILL TOUCH SNOW! **MANY** HAVE THOUGHT AS YOU--- **NEVER TO RETURN!-** **IT** IS WAITING---WAITING FOR THE UNWARY--- WAITING--AS--

1

DEATH ON SKIS!!

JOE KUBERT
SONTHOFEN, GERMANY

Eerie #9, October –November 1952. Joe Kubert. Avon.

JUST BECAUSE A CHILD WAS ACCIDENTALLY KILLED BY A CARELESS SKIER, AND HIS FATHER SWORE VENGEANCE ON ALL SKIERS!---I KNOW THESE MOUNTAINS WELL, FRITZ!---I WON'T LOSE MY WAY BACK!---

BUT THE FATHER COMMITTED SUICIDE, HERR JOHNSON...HIS SOUL WILL FIND NO REST--EVER!!

ENOUGH OF YOUR STORIES, FRITZ! I'M GOING!--HAVE A COLD DRINK WAITING FOR ME!--I'M GOING TO REALLY WORK UP A SWEAT TODAY!

B-BUT---YES, MEIN HERR! AS YOU WISH IT!...

IT WAS LATE AFTERNOON, AND THE SNOW WAS SLICK AND FAST...A MILLION FLAKES FLASHED DIAMONDS AS THE SETTING SUN DROPPED BEHIND THE HORIZON... PETE JOHNSON SPED OVER THE ICY SLOPES! THIS WAS LIVING!--AND ALL THOUGHTS OF THE "SKIING GHOST" HAD VANISHED, AS HE SET HIS PACE...

THE SUN WAS GONE...AND THE SNOW SHONE A PALE BLUE--WHEN SUDDENLY---

BREATHE YOUR LAST, HERR JOHNSON!--

WHO'S THAT?-IS THAT YOU, FRITZ?--I-I'M NOT IN THE MOOD FOR JOKING!...

FAR ABOVE, ON A RIDGE OVERLOOKING THE NORTH SLOPE, A GRIM SPECTRE STOOD ETCHED AGAINST THE SKIES...

THIS IS NO JOKE!-NEIN! MY SON'S DEATH WAS NO JOKE!--THE WHITENESS OF THE SNOW WILL BE RED--WITH YOUR BLOOD!

FEAR SHOOK PETE JOHNSON INTO MOTION!-DEATH HAD CALLED TO HIM!..., COULD HE ESCAPE ITS WRATH? AT LEAST HE WOULD TRY!...

HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE, HEE RUN, FOOL, RUN!-- SEE IF YOU CAN OUTRUN MY VENGEANCE!

IT WAS A WEIRD SCENE, AS THE TWO FIGURES SPED AT BREAK-NECK SPEED THROUGH THE ALPINE PASSES! ONE WAS BENT ON SUSTAINING *LIFE*--THE OTHER--*DEATH!!*-AS THE SPECTRE'S LAUGHTER ECHOED AND RE-ECHOED THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS...

HEE HEE HEE E E E

THE CHALET... THE =PANT= *CHALET!* I-I- =PANT= *MADE IT!*--

YOU WERE *LUCKY*, MEIN HERR!-- BUT THIS IS *ONE* NIGHT YOU WILL *NEVER FORGET!*---

FROM THE MOUNTAIN TOP, THE SPECTRE'S WORDS BURNED INTO PETE'S BRAIN!--HE HAD *WON!*- BUT--*HAD HE?*--

JOHNSON ENTERED THE SMALL COTTAGE, REELING AS A MAN IN A DRUNKEN STUPOR---

I HAVE YOUR DR--*SIR!!* WHAT *IS IT?* THE GHOST, YAH?? HAS ANYTHING--?

N-NO--NO! IT'S NOTHING AT ALL, FRITZ!--I-I JUST OVER-DID IT A BIT!...I'M GOING TO MY ROOM--

IN HIS ROOM...

DID IT *REALLY* HAPPEN?--OR, DID I *DREAM* IT ALL?? MY FOREHEAD--BURNS!--I-I WONDER...THE MIRROR---

MY-MY *HAIR!!* I-IT'S TURNED COMPLETELY *WHITE!*--A-AND MY FOREHEAD!-- *WHA*--? IT'S-IT'S *THE DEATH ON SKIS!*--

The End

DAN DANA THOUGHT HIS EDITOR WAS JOKING WHEN HE GAVE HIM THE ASSIGNMENT! BUT PEOPLE DID BELIEVE IN THE OCCULT POWERS CLAIMED BY THE FANTASTIC MYSTIC, MASTERS! AND DAN SOON LEARNED THE INCREDIBLE CAN MYSTERIOUSLY HAPPEN...WHEN HE SAW THE MAN FADE...

OUT OF THIS WORLD!

MASTERS! MASTERS! Y-YOU'RE VANISHING BEFORE MY VERY EYES! B-BUT YOU CAN'T DISSOLVE LIKE THAT! A MINUTE AGO, YOU WERE FLESH AND BONES --- ALIVE!

NO, DANA! I LEFT THIS WORLD TEN LONG YEARS AGO!

IN THE OFFICES OF THE DAILY SENTINEL, DAN DANA BLINKS INCREDULOUSLY AT HIS ASSIGNMENT...

CHIEF, YOU'RE NOT SERIOUSLY THINKING OF PUTTING THAT PHONY MYSTIC, MASTERS, ON PAGE ONE, ARE YOU?

DANA, YOUR JOB IS TO FOLLOW HIM AND EXPOSE HIM! PEOPLE ARE TAKING HIM AND HIS OCCULT CHATTER SERIOUSLY! DEBUNKING HIM IS A PAGE ONE STORY!

RESIGNEDLY, DAN DANA TAXIS TO THE LARGE LECTURE HALL, WHERE MASTERS ADDRESSES AN EAGER AUDIENCE! SUDDENLY THIS MAN WITH BUT ONE NAME HAS COME ON THE SCENE, PROCLAIMING PROOF OF LIFE AFTER DEATH AND THAT HE CAN CONTACT THE DEAD! HIS WORDS SEEM SINCERE AND HIS EYES BURN WITH A FANATICAL GLEAM THAT HINTS OF STRANGE POWERS..

Secret Mysteries #17, March 1954. Artist unknown. Merit.

I HAVE A CONTACT FROM BEYOND... IS THERE SOMEONE IN THE AUDIENCE WITH THE INITIALS ... I.G.C ?

Y-YES, THEY'RE MINE!

YOU WISH TO SPEAK TO YOUR BROTHER, ALFRED!... I HEAR HIS VOICE... HE SAYS HE FORGIVES YOU FOR WHAT YOU DID TO CARLTON!

I-IT MUST BE TRUE! ---THAT'S BEEN ON MY MIND SINCE ALFRED DIED AND ***NO ONE ELSE KNEW!***

I HAVE ANOTHER CONTACT FROM THE DEPARTED... IS THERE A MISS E.G.?

Y-YES!

GREAT ACT--SURE MUST BE TOUGH HIRING SUCH GOOD ***ACTORS*** TO STOOGE FOR HIM IN THIS AUDIENCE!

AS THE STRANGE MAN CONTINUES HIS CONTACTS WITH THE "DEAD" DANA RETURNS TO HIS OFFICE...

WELL, DID HE CONVERT YOU INTO BELIEVING LIFE BEYOND THE GRAVE CAN REACH US HERE?

READ THE SUBHEADLINE AND YOU'LL KNOW WHERE I STAND! ***"VOICES FROM ABOVE ...NOT ABOVE SUSPICION!"***

EDITOR

TWO NIGHTS LATER, DANA CONTINUES FOLLOWING MASTERS AND MEETS HIM AFTER THE SEANCE ENDS...

PLEASED TO MEET YOU, MR. DANA! THOUGH READING YOUR ARTICLES DOESN'T PLEASE ME! THERE'S NO ONE I'D RATHER CONVINCE ABOUT LIFE AFTER DEATH THAN ***YOU!***

CONVINCE ME AND I'LL HAVE THE PULITZER PRIZE STORY OF THE YEAR!

FIRST LET ME DEMONSTRATE THE POWER OF THE HUMAN MIND! IT ***CAN*** INFLUENCE INANIMATE MATTER! THE ODDS ARE AGAINST IT, BUT I WILL ***THINK*** THE NUMBER ***SIX*** INTO COMING UP THREE TIMES IN A ROW!

HIS EYES FOCUSED ON THE DICE, HIS BROW FROWNING IN DEEP CONCENTRATION, THREE TIMES MASTERS THROWS THE DICE AND THREE TIMES THE SAME COMBINATION SPINS UP...

YOU'D BE GREAT IN A CRAP GAME--- EXCEPT THEY DON'T ALLOW LOADED DICE!

TAKE THE DICE WITH YOU AND CHECK THEM, MR. DANA! BUT MAYBE THIS WILL CONVINCE YOU OF THE POWERS OF THE HUMAN MIND! PICK ANY FIVE CARDS AND CONCENTRATE ON THEM!

I SEE THE TEN OF CLUBS... KING OF HEARTS, THREE OF DIAMONDS,, FOUR OF SPADES... AND JACK OF CLUBS!

GOOD *TRICK*, MASTERS! I KNOW THEY'RE *MARKED*, BUT I CAN'T FIGURE OUT HOW!

I HAD HOPED THE DEMONSTRATIONS WOULD CONVINCE YOU THAT IF YOU CAN CONTROL MATTER NOW--- AFTER YOU'RE DEAD, YOU CAN CONTACT THE LIVING!

QUICKLY, DANA WRITES UP THE DEMONSTRATIONS AND THEN SMILES CYNICALLY AT HIS HEADLINES...

DAILY SENTINAL

NO DICE.... REPORTER STILL DOUBTFUL

BUT STILL MASTERS' FOLLOWING GROWS! THE MORE DOUBTS DANA RAISES, THE STRONGER THE BELIEF OF THOSE WHO FOLLOW...

MY DEAD SISTER, PLEASE CONTACT HER!

CAN I REACH MY SON.?

ENTER-- I WILL TRY!

AND BELIEF SOON TURNS TO IDOLATRY...

LET ME JUST TOUCH HIM! THEN SOME OF HIS POWER MAY BE MINE!

MY FRIEND, THE POWER ALREADY IS YOURS! YOU MUST LEARN TO USE IT AS I HAVE AND THEN DEATH WILL NO LONGER SEPARATE YOU FROM THOSE YOU LOVED!

AND THEN SUDDENLY, MASTERS MAKES A DRAMATIC ANNOUNCEMENT AT THE HEIGHT OF HIS FAME...

HE SAYS HE'LL ONLY BE AROUND *TWO MORE DAYS!*

I'LL FIND OUT THE GIMMICK BEHIND THIS PUBLICITY STUNT! IT MAY BE THE THING THAT'LL REALLY EXPOSE THIS OCCULT FAKER!

PHONING MASTERS, DANA MADE AN APPOINTMENT TO VISIT HIM IN HIS EERIE, INCENSE-FILLED STUDY...

I CAME TO CHECK ON THE ANNOUNCEMENT THAT YOU'LL ONLY BE WITH US TWO MORE DAYS!

THAT IS CORRECT! BUT TONIGHT I HAVE SOMETHING MORE IMPORTANT TO DISCUSS WITH YOU... YOUR BROTHER SEEKS CONTACT!

M...MY BROTHER! WHY NED'S BEEN DEAD FIFTEEN YEARS...

THAT DOESN'T MEAN CONTACT WITH HIM IS ENDED! SIT DOWN! I WILL TRY TO BRING HIM TO YOU!

MASTERS SITS SILENTLY, HIS HEAD IN HIS HANDS, CONCENTRATING DEEPLY, AS DANA SMILES SKEPTICALLY! THEN SUDDENLY, DANA IS AWARE OF MOVEMENT, AS IF SOMEONE HAD ENTERED THE LOCKED ROOM! THEN, BEHIND MASTERS, A FANTASTIC WRAITH APPEARS...

N-NED!

LISTEN, *ROVER BOY*, WHAT MASTERS SAYS *IS* TRUE! THERE *IS* LIFE AFTER DEATH... AND THE LIVING *CAN* CONTACT IT!

AND BEFORE DANA CAN SPEAK, THE MOVING APPARITION VANISHES...

THAT NICKNAME... *ROVER BOY*, ONLY NED CALLED ME THAT! AND *NO ONE ELSE* KNEW HE DID!

MAYBE NOW YOU *BELIEVE!*

A STUNNED, PUZZLED DANA WRITES UP HIS FANTASTIC INTERVIEW...

WHAT KIND OF TOMMYROT IS THIS? WHY IT SOUNDS LIKE YOU *BELIEVE* IN THAT NUT'S CLAIMS! NOW FOLLOW HIM AROUND UNTIL HE "VANISHES" TOMORROW AS HE PROMISED HE WOULD AND MAKE SURE YOU END THIS SERIES SO NO ONE BUT AN IDIOT WOULD TAKE HIM SERIOUSLY!

YOU MAY BE LOOKING AT AN "IDIOT"!

EDI

THE NEXT NIGHT, AFTER WHAT HE ANNOUNCES AS HIS FINAL SEANCE, MASTERS ASKS DANA TO ACCOMPANY HIM...

NOT A CHEERFUL PLACE FOR A WALK!

BUT A NECESSARY PLACE! FOR HERE AT LAST, I MUST *RETURN!*

WHERE IS TOM...JOHN, FRED...I'LL BE BACK WITH THEM NOW! NOT THAT I WAS AWAY WHILE I APPEARED ON EARTH!

THE WAY YOU'RE TALKING, YOU MADE IT SOUND LIKE YOU'RE GOING TO A CLASS REUNION OF THE *DEAD!* YOU'RE NOT CONTEMPLATING *SUICIDE?*

THAT WON'T BE NECESSARY! WATCH ME CLOSELY! YOU SHALL REPORT WHAT HAPPENS HERE AND AFTER WHAT HAPPENS, YOU WILL KNOW THERE IS *LIFE* AFTER DEATH AND IT *CAN* MANIFEST ITSELF IN THE WORLD OF THE LIVING!

SUDDENLY, BEFORE HIS INCREDULOUS EYES, DANA SEES MASTERS BECOME TRANSPARENT, AS HE SEEMS TO PHYSICALLY VANISH FROM THE REALM OF REALITY...

M-MASTERS!

AND AS THE OCCULT MAN VANISHES, DANA GRABS THE MARBLE TOMBSTONE THAT WAS BEHIND MASTERS AND READS THE INSCRIPTION WITH NUMBING SHOCK...

DEAD... HE DIED *TEN YEARS AGO!* B-BUT THAT CAN'T BE POSSIBLE! IT MUST BE A COINCIDENCE... TWO MEN WITH THE SAME NAME! HE *COULDN'T* HAVE *COME BACK!*

"HERE LIES MASTERS
AUG. 1ST 1902
AUG. 11TH 1944
"HE BELIEVED"

ALL NIGHT, THE STUNNED REPORTER SITS BY THE TOMB, WAITING FOR MASTERS TO COME OUT OF HIDING... FOR THERE MUST BE SOME TRICK TO EXPLAIN AWAY WHAT SEEMS TERRIFYINGLY SUPERNATURAL...

WHY ARE YOU PLACING THE WREATH THERE?

MASTERS WAS MY BEST FRIEND! I FLEW BACK FROM PARIS HOPING TO PLACE THE WREATH HERE LAST NIGHT... THE ELEVENTH OF AUGUST. TEN YEARS AGO HE DIED IN MY ARMS!

HE WAS A STRANGE FRIEND! HE BELIEVED IN THE OCCULT AND THE POWER OF THE DEAD! YOU COULD SEE THERE WAS SOME FANTASTIC POWER IN THE MAN BY LOOKING AT HIS FACE! EVEN IN THE *DEATH MASK* I MADE RIGHT AFTER HE DIED... YOU CAN SENSE HIS POWER!

A DEATH MASK OF MASTERS? I MUST SEE IT!

FROM A LOCKED CHEST IN HIS STUDIO, THE SCULPTOR TAKES OUT A DEATH MASK! WITH TREMBLING HAND, DANA RAISES THE TEN YEAR OLD MASK OF A MAN LONG DEAD...

IT *WAS* MASTERS!

THE END

The Creeping Hand

EVIL AND MALIGNANT, WITHERED AND DEAD, THE HAND WAS YET ALIVE. IT BROUGHT GREER FALLON THE SUCCESS HE YEARNED FOR, BUT AT A PRICE THAT WAS SET BY THE PRINCE OF DARKNESS HIMSELF. A PRICE NO HUMAN SOUL COULD AFFORD TO PAY. . .

OUTSIDE A NEW YORK NIGHT CLUB AS GREER FALLON WATCHES THE GIRL HE LOVES WITH ANOTHER MAN . . .

I'M HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME, TED. IT'S SO MUCH FUN!

SHE THREW ME OVER BECAUSE I WASN'T A SUCCESSFUL PAINTER. SHE TOLD ME I WAS A *NOBODY.*

Surf Club

SOMEDAY I'LL SHOW HER. SHE'LL SEE WHAT A *NOBODY* CAN DO. SHE'LL FIND OUT WHAT A SUCCESS I'LL BE!

Chilling Tales #16, June 1953. Steve Kirkel. Youthful.

LATER, AT GREER'S BARREN STUDIO AS HE BROODS OVER HIS FAILURE...

WHY CAN'T I PAINT? WHY DON'T I HAVE GREAT TALENT?

I'D SELL MY SOUL TO THE *DEVIL* HIMSELF FOR A CHANCE TO BE A SUCCESS!

SUDDENLY THE ROOM ROCKS WITH AN ATOMIC FORCE AND A BLINDING FLASH OF LIGHT...

CRASH!

BLAH!

I HEARD YOU, GREER FALLON. DID YOU MEAN WHAT YOU SAID? WOULD YOU REALLY SELL YOUR SOUL FOR SUCCESS?

I... I... YES, I WOULD...!

THEN WE HAVE MADE A BARGAIN! WITH *THIS* YOU WILL BE THE SUCCESS YOU WANTED TO BE.

WH-- WHAT IS IT?

IT IS THE HAND OF -AH- SHALL WE SAY A DISCIPLE OF MINE. A MURDERER WHO MIGHT HAVE BEEN A GREAT ARTIST. IT WILL DO YOUR WORK FOR YOU. YOU HAVE BUT TO COMMAND IT.

IT MOVED!

YES, IT MOVED! HA HA HA HA! USE IT WELL! *HA HA HA HA!* GOODBY!

R R R R R R R!

I MUST BE MAD... SUFFERING FROM HALUCINATIONS! YET, THERE *IT* IS!

THEN, AS IF GUIDED BY AN UNSEEN ARM, THE HIDEOUS HAND MOVES TO GREER'S EASEL AND BEGINS TO PAINT A PICTURE...

NO! MY MIND MUST BE CRACKING! I'M GOING CRAZY!!

HE SAID I HAD BUT TO COMMAND IT. VERY WELL, THEN... *PAINT! UGH!* IT IS CREEPING OUT OF THE BOX!

P-R-R-P-P

BUT IT IS *REAL!* IN THE NEXT FEW MONTHS FALLON'S PAINTINGS, CREATED BY THE *HAND*, ARE IN WIDE DEMAND...

MAGNIFICENT, FALLON... ALTHOUGH A LITTLE MORBID. TO THINK THAT I ONCE TOLD YOU, YOU HAD NO TALENT.

WE ALL MAKE MISTAKES.

WELL, HERE IS YOUR CHECK. AS SOON AS YOU ARE READY I CAN COMMISSION YOU TO DO ANOTHER FOR FIVE THOUSAND.

THANK YOU. IT'S AS GOOD AS DONE.

THAT AFTER-NOON AT THE STUDIO.

YOU'VE REALLY BROUGHT ME SUCCESS. TONIGHT I'LL GO TO MARY. SHE CAN'T TURN ME DOWN NOW... *REX! NO!* YOU'LL DESTROY IT!

RRRRR

BUT FALLON'S FEARS ARE GROUNDLESS. IN A SECOND THE EVIL HAND HAS THE DOG BY THE THROAT...

IT...IT'S KILLING REX! LET HIM GO! LET HIM GO! I COMMAND YOU!

AOOOORR

BUT IT IS TOO LATE! THE DOG IS ALREADY DEAD...

REX! IT KILLED HIM! I REMEMBER NOW. HE SAID IT WAS THE *HAND OF A MURDERER*...

THAT NIGHT, AT MARY'S HOUSE...

MARY, PERHAPS NOW I CAN SAY WHAT I'VE WANTED TO SAY FOR A LONG TIME...

WAIT, GREER. THERE IS SOMETHING I MUST TELL YOU...

I'M GOING TO BE MARRIED. I'M AFRAID WE CAN'T SEE EACH OTHER AGAIN.

BUT... BUT YOU CAN'T. I'M A SUCCESS NOW.

THAT DOESN'T MATTER. I LOVE TOM AND I DON'T LOVE YOU. I COULD NEVER LOVE YOU.

BUT YOU SAID IT WAS BECAUSE I WASN'T A SUCCESS.

YOU DO LOVE ME! YOU DO! I KNOW YOU DO!

LET ME GO! LET ME GO!

I NEVER LOVED YOU. I ONLY PITIED YOU! YOU WERE SO DOWN AND OUT, SO FRIENDLESS.

WH-- WHAT...?

NOW, WILL YOU PLEASE GO!

I'LL GO, BUT YOU'LL BE SORRY...

BACK AT HIS STUDIO GREER PACES BACK AND FORTH, EVIL THOUGHTS TUMBLING THROUGH HIS BRAIN...

SHE WON'T MARRY THAT PLAYBOY! IF I CAN'T HAVE HER, NO ONE WILL!

THE HAND! IT KILLED REX! IT CAN AVENGE ME! *COIL*, YOU *FINGERS OF DEATH*, YOU'LL HAVE YOUR CHANCE TONIGHT...

THE PERFECT MURDER! ALL THEY'LL FIND WILL BE THE FINGER PRINTS FROM THE HAND OF A DEAD MAN! *HA, HA, HA, HA,!*

LATER THAT NIGHT GREER WATCHES THE MALIGNANT HAND AS IT CREEPS UP THE WALL OF MARY'S HOUSE STRAIGHT FOR HER BEDROOM WINDOW...

GO, *HAND OF EVIL.* GO AND KILL! *I COMMAND YOU!*

INTO THE WINDOW AND ONTO THE GIRL'S BED THE HAND CREEPS, ITS FINGERS WRITHING IN EVIL EXPECTATION...

THERE'S SOMEONE HERE! WHO IS IT? HELP!

THEN LIKE A FLASH, IT IS ON HER AND ITS CLAW-LIKE FINGERS TIGHTEN ABOUT HER THROAT...

AAAAGGGH...

COLDLY, HORRIBLY, THE AWFUL HAND DOES GREER'S BIDDING...

UHHHOOO

A MOMENT LATER IT CREEPS DOWN THE WALL AND BACK TO ITS VELVET-LINED RESTING PLACE...

IT IS DONE! COME, WE RETURN HOME.

PITY ME, WILL SHE? NOW *SHE IS* THE ONE TO BE PITIED.

BUT BACK AT HIS STUDIO GREER DOES BEGIN TO PITY MARY AND SLOWLY, AS HIS RAGE DIES, REMORSE SETS IN...

WHAT HAVE I DONE? I KILLED THE ONLY ONE I EVER LOVED.

IT'S YOUR FAULT! YOU PUT THOSE IDEAS IN MY HEAD! YOU...THE HAND OF A MURDERER!

WELL, YOU'LL NEVER DO EVIL AGAIN! I'LL DESTROY YOU FOR ALL TIME!

LIKE A MAD THING, THE GRUESOME RELIC LEAPS INTO THE FLAMES AND THEN, ON FIRE, HEADS STRAIGHT FOR GREER...

IT GOT OUT!

LIKE AN ARROW SPEEDING TO A TARGET, IT RACES FOR HIS THROAT AS THE STENCH OF BURNING FLESH FILLS THE ROOM...

HELP!

IT'S FINGERS TIGHTEN LIKE BANDS OF STEEL AND SLOWLY LIFE EBBS FROM THE BODY OF GREER FALLON...

HA, HA, HA, HA! WELCOME, GREER FALLON, I HAVE BEEN WAITING FOR YOU... HA, HA, HA, HA!

THE END!

The PIT and the PENDULUM

NUMEROUS STORIES HAVE BEEN WRITTEN ABOUT THE SPANISH INQUISITION, DURING WHICH THOUSANDS OF INNOCENTS SUFFERED CRUEL TORTURES AT THE HANDS OF THEIR TORMENTORS. THIS IS THE STORY OF ONE OF THOSE INNOCENTS, AS PENNED BY THE GREAT EDGAR ALLAN POE, IN HIS IMMORTAL CLASSIC -*THE PIT AND THE PENDULUM!*

EVERETT RAYMOND KINSTLER

HOW WELL I REMEMBER IT! THE GREAT SILENT MOMENT WHEN THE TRIAL WAS OVER, AND I STOOD TREMBLING BEFORE THE JUDGE--AWAITING THE VERDICT...

THE COURT, AFTER CAREFUL DELIBERATION, FINDS YOU, MANUEL BAROJA, ***GUILTY*** OF THE HIGHEST CRIMES AGAINST THE SOVEREIGN STATE OF SPAIN!

...FOR YOUR WICKEDNESS AND EVIL DEEDS, I PASS UPON YOU THE SENTENCE OF ***DEATH!***

BUT I'VE DONE ***NOTHING*** WRONG. I'M ***INNOCENT!***

Nightmare #2, Fall 1952. Everett Raymond Kinstler. Ziff-Davis.

AGAIN AND AGAIN I SCREAMED IN PROTEST, BUT THEY DRAGGED ME OUT LIKE A COMMON CRIMINAL-- DOWN TO THE LOWER DUNGEONS.

SCREAMING WON'T GET YOU ANYWHERE! NOT WHERE YOU'RE GOING!

BUT I'VE DONE NO WRONG-- I *SWEAR* IT!

IN YOU GO, PIG!

WE'VE GIVEN YOU THE ROYAL DUNGEON, BAROJA. FIT FOR A KING IT IS. HA, HA!

SOON THE ECHOES OF THEIR FOOTSTEPS WERE GONE. ALL THAT REMAINED WAS MY FEAR, AND THE GREAT SILENCE THAT PRESSED IN ON ALL SIDES...

OUR MASTERS HAVE MADE SPECIAL PLANS FOR THIS ONE, VIVALDO! BEFORE THEY'RE THROUGH, HE'LL KNOW WHAT TERROR MEANS!

LEAVE IT TO OUR MASTERS. THEY'VE MADE KILLING AN ART!

TO KEEP MYSELF FROM GOING MAD, I BEGAN TO EXPLORE MY CELL. THE WALLS WERE OF METAL, WITH HIDEOUS CARVINGS ENGRAVED UPON THEIR SURFACES SLOWLY, I GROPED MY WAY ALONG...

I CAN BARELY SEE IN THIS LIGHT. I'LL HAVE TO GO SLOWLY! VERY SLOW—

SUDDENLY MY FEET SHOT OUT FROM UNDER ME..

AIEEEE!

I HIT THE FLOOR WITH GREAT FORCE, BUT THIS WAS THE LEAST OF IT. WHAT I SAW, BUT A FEW FEET BEFORE ME, CATAPULTED MY BODY INTO A SPASM OF QUAKING FEAR...

N-NO! ONE MORE STEP AND IT WOULD HAVE BEEN---

THERE BEFORE ME, NO MORE THAN A HAIR'S BREADTH AWAY, WAS A BOTTOMLESS, YAWNING PIT. WITH A CONVULSIVE SHUDDER I FELT MY BRAIN SWIM, AND I FAINTED FOR THE FIRST TIME...

HOW LONG I HAD LAIN THERE I DON'T KNOW, BUT WHEN I CAME TO, THE SECOND PHASE OF MY TORTURE HAD BEGUN...

I'M TIED TO SOME SORT OF PLANK— BUT **WHY?** WHAT DEVILISH PLOT DO THEY HAVE IN MIND NOW?

RATS! THESE LOWER DUNGEONS MUST BE FILLED WITH THEM! IS THAT THEIR PLAN? AM I TO BE **EATEN** ALIVE--**BY THEM?**

NO SOONER HAD THIS THOUGHT CROSSED MY MIND, WHEN I HEARD A SUDDEN SOUND FROM ABOVE...

IT'S COMING FROM THAT MACHINE! IT'S SWINGING BACK AND FORTH, BUT THAT GLEAMING EDGE! I-IT CAN'T BE-- **BUT IT IS! IT'S A BLADE!**

WITH EACH SWEEPING ARC THE GLEAMING BLADE CAME CLOSER AND CLOSER-- ITS RAZOR-LIKE EDGE AIMED DIRECTLY AT MY HEART...

WITH DEATH STARING ME IN THE FACE, I WAS DRIVEN TO A SUDDEN EFFORT. SOMEHOW I MANAGED TO FREE ONE HAND, AND I STRUGGLED VAINLY TO REACH A BOWL THAT STOOD ON ONE SIDE...

IF I CAN REACH THAT BOWL OF FOOD BEFORE THE RATS DO, I MAY HAVE A CHANCE. ONLY A LITTLE MORE NOW-- JUST A LITTLE BIT MORE.

I-I'VE REACHED IT!

QUICKLY I SMEARED THE FOUL SMELLING BROTH OVER THE THONGS THAT BOUND ME. THE ODOR FILLED THE CELL, AND NOW I HEARD THE MAD SCURRYING OF TINY FEET...

THE RATS! THEY SMELL IT! IF THEY'LL ONLY COME! MERCIFUL HEAVEN, MAKE THEM COME!

IN A HEADLONG RUSH THEY SWARMED OVER ME, THEIR SHARP TEETH GNAWING INTO THE STRAPS, AND MY THROBBING FLESH, WHILE UP ABOVE THE HISSING BLADE DROPPED CLOSER AND CLOSER...

EAT, YOU DEMONS. FILL YOUR BELLIES. MAKE IT A FEAST-- HA, HA! HO, HA, HA, HA!

I COULD FEEL THE STRAPS GOING, ONLY A FEW STRANDS REMAINED. BUT NOW THE BLADE WAS POISED FOR ITS FINAL STROKE! WITH A QUIVERING ACTION IT STARTED FORWARD...

WITH MY LAST STRENGTH I THREW MY WEIGHT AGAINST THE STRAPS, AND...

SNAP! SWOOSH!

FOR A BRIEF MOMENT I WAS FREE, BUT...

THE BLADE! IT'S BEING WITHDRAWN. THEY'VE BEEN WATCHING ALL THIS TIME. THEY KNOW I'VE ESCAPED!

SLOWLY THE TERROR-FILLED MINUTES PASSED, AND THEN I NOTICED A NEW HORROR. A SULPHUROUS GLOW BEGAN TO FILL THE CELL, AND I WAS STRUCK WITH A BLAST OF HEAT FROM THE METAL WALLS...

THE HEAT... FROM THE WALLS! IT CAN MEAN BUT ONE THING. THEY'VE BUILT FIRES BEHIND THEM!

BUT AS I BACKED AWAY FROM THEIR FIERY HEAT, THE WALLS THEMSELVES FOLLOWED. THEY WERE ACTUALLY MOVING, CLOSING IN, FORCING ME SLOWLY BUT STEADILY TOWARD THE YAWNING PIT!

KILL ME! KILL ME! BUT I AM INNOCENT! INNOCENT!

SUDDENLY I HEARD THE HUM OF VOICES, THE BLAST OF TRUMPETS! THE FIERY WALLS RUSHED BACK, AND AS I FELL INTO THE PIT AN OUTSTRETCHED HAND CAUGHT MINE...

HOLD ON! YOU'RE SAFE!

L-LET ME DIE. DON'T TORTURE ME FURTHER!

YOU WILL BE TORTURED NO MORE. I AM ***GENERAL LASALLE!*** THE ARMIES OF FRANCE HAVE ENTERED ***TOLEDO.*** THE CRUEL TYRANTS WHO IMPRISONED YOU ARE NOW MY CAPTIVES! ***OPEN THE CELLS! FREE THE PRISONERS! THE REIGN OF TERROR IS OVER! SPAIN IS FREE ONCE MORE!***

HIS WORDS WERE LIKE A TRUMPET CALL FROM HEAVEN. I COULD FEEL THE TEARS RUSHING TO MY EYES, AS I GAVE SILENT THANKS FOR MY MERCIFUL DELIVERANCE...

The End

Happily Dead

HARRY BATES WENT TO HIS DOCTOR AND THEN HEARD THE PETRIFYING NEWS—HE WAS DEAD! NO ONE, IT SEEMED, HAD BOTHERED TO TELL HIM BEFORE! AND NOW THEY ALL WANTED TO BURY HIM DEAD! SO HE HAD TO ESCAPE INTO OBLIVION...

HARRY BATES GOES FOR A ROUTINE CHECKUP...

HMMM— INCREDIBLE! IMPOSSIBLE! SOMETHING VERY WRONG HERE, MR. BATES! THIS CAN'T BE!

W—WHAT IS IT?

INCREDIBLE AS IT SEEMS, SIR, YOU ARE *DEAD!* YOU'RE ICY COLD, NO HEARTBEAT OR PULSE, NO RESPIRATION! YOU'RE AS DEAD AS THEY COME!

DEAD? ARE YOU CRAZY?

Mysteries Weird and Strange #8, July 1954. Artist unknown. Superior.

THIS IS THE MOST AMAZING THING I'VE EVER SEEN IN THIRTY YEARS OF MEDICINE! OF COURSE YOU REALIZE I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS IMMEDIATELY!

REPORT IT? WHAT DO YOU MEAN?

HE SOON FINDS OUT..

HELLO, POLICE? PLEASE COME TO MY OFFICE AT ONCE! I'VE A VERY STRANGE CASE AND...

THE POLICE? WHEW! I'M GETTING OUT OF HERE!

YES, A DEAD MAN! BUT NOT AN ORDINARY BODY, YOU SEE! YES, I KNOW THE LAW — ALL DEAD PEOPLE MUST BE TAKEN TO THE MORGUE OR AN UNDERTAKER!

YAAAA — TAKE ME TO THE MORGUE! OH, NO!

LET ME OUT OF HERE! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO BURY ME ALIVE!

COME BACK! YOU AREN'T ALIVE — YOU'RE DEAD!

A FEW MINUTES LATER, HARRY BATES, LURKING DOWN THE STREET, SEES THE POLICE ENTER THE DOCTOR'S OFFICE...

AFTER ME! THEY WOULD REALLY — (CHOKE) — TAKE ME TO THE MORGUE, BURY ME, JUST BECAUSE THAT STUPID DOCTOR SAID I WAS DEAD!

SO THAT NIGHT..

I HAVE BEEN FEELING COLD LATELY — SEEMS LIKE I WAS NEVER WARM! AND I DON'T BREATHE LIKE OTHER PEOPLE! SO MAYBE I AM DEAD, BUT I'M NOT GOING TO LET THEM BOTHER ME!

POLICE

HARRY BATES GOES TO A NEW TOWN AND BEGINS A NEW LIFE—OR A NEW DEATH! BUT FROM THE FIRST HE HAS TROUBLE KEEPING A JOB...

THERE GOES OLD ICY PAW! I BET HE'S THROUGH!

THEY ALL LAUGH AT ME!

ANAGER

BRRR—GOOD THING! HE GIVES ME THE CREEPS!

AND SURE ENOUGH...

I'M SORRY ABOUT THIS, BATES, BUT I'LL HAVE TO LET YOU GO! YOU, WELL, YOU ARE A LITTLE PECULIAR, YOU KNOW! THERE HAVE BEEN COMPLAINTS...

I KNOW, SIR! PEOPLE D—DON'T LIKE TO BE NEAR ME!

THAT'S ABOUT IT, BATES! I'M SORRY! I THINK YOU'D BETTER TRY FOR A JOB WHERE YOU WON'T COME IN CONTACT WITH MANY PEOPLE!

THANKS! I'LL DO THAT!

UGH! I SEE WHAT THEY MEAN! HIS HAND, LIKE A COLD WET FISH!

HAH—IF HE ONLY KNEW THAT I'M DEAD!

IN HIS DESPAIR HE TAKES A WALK THAT NIGHT, NEAR AN APPROPRIATE SPOT...

A GRAVEYARD! WHERE I BELONG! WHY DID THIS HAPPEN TO ME?

I'LL JUST GO IN AND SEE WHAT IT'S LIKE TO BE REALLY DEAD! NOT HALF-WAY! M-MAYBE I SHOULD JUST DIG MYSELF A GRAVE AND FALL INTO IT!

IN HIS MISERY AND DESOLATION, HE FALLS ASLEEP IN THE POURING RAIN...

1890 - 1910

REST IN PEACE

HE IS SUDDENLY AWAKENED...

THERE HE IS, OFFICERS! LIKE I TOLD YOU! TRESPASSING!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA, FELLA?

GET UP, YOU!

I—I WASN'T DOING ANY HARM!

JOHN FORSYTHE

MAX POTTS

HIGH BROWE

AND...

COME ON, NOW, NO TROUBLE!

NO! LEAVE ME ALONE! I HAVEN'T DONE ANYTHING!

TAKE IT EASY! WE'RE JUST GOING TO PLACE YOU UNDER OBSERVATION!

ROWARE

DRUGS

BELL

INSANE ASYLUM

P.D.

LATER...

W—WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO?

JUST EXAMINE YOU! NOTHING TO BE AFRAID OF, AND THE CITY IS PAYING FOR IT!

BUT IT IS AS HARRY BATES FEARED...

YOU—HUH! N—NO HEARTBEAT! BUT THIS CAN'T BE...

YES, IT CAN! I'M DEAD! I'VE BEEN DEAD FOR YEARS!

YOU ARE DEAD! I'LL HAVE TO REPORT THIS AND—

GAAAAAA—

NO YOU DON'T! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEND ME TO ANY MORGUE, LAW OR NO LAW!

STOP HIM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

GOT TO ESCAPE! THEY ALL WANT TO BURY ME!

GET THAT MAN! HE'S DEAD!

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BUT AGAIN HE ESCAPES AND GOES TO STILL ANOTHER TOWN! HERE THINGS GO BETTER...

AT LAST I'VE GOT JUST THE JOB FOR ME! NO ONE — (CHUCKLE) — EVER COMPLAINS ABOUT MY COLDNESS, AT LEAST!

CAFETERIA

HE WORKS IN AN ICE PLANT...

ER CITY ICE PLANT

PLOYEE TRANCE

THEY ALL THINK I'M A BIT PECULIAR, BUT THEY CAN'T UNDERSTAND WHY! HO — WHAT I COULD TELL THEM!

HIS FELLOW WORKERS WERE PUZZLED...

LOOK, BATES IS WORKING IN THERE IN ONLY HIS STREET CLOTHES!

NEVER SAW ANYTHING LIKE IT! COLD DOESN'T BOTHER HIM!

SOME SORT OF IMMUNITY!

COLD ROOM DANGER!

AND EVEN BETTER — HARRY FINDS HIMSELF A GIRL...

HELLO, ANGELA! HOW ABOUT A NICE DINNER AND THEN A DRIVE IN THE COUNTRY?

OH, I'D LOVE THAT, HARRY! YOU'RE SO SWEET!

CAFE

LATER...

ANGELA, I — THAT IS, DON'T YOU EVER THINK I'M A LITTLE PECULIAR? FUNNY?

PECULIAR? OF COURSE NOT! I THINK YOU'RE A DARLING!

W— WOULD YOU MARRY ME, THEN?

OF COURSE I WILL! I'VE BEEN HOPING YOU WOULD ASK ME!

THAT NIGHT HARRY BATES IS PUZZLED...

HMMM — IT IS STRANGE! ANGELA PROMISED TO MARRY ME — AND SHE'S THE ONLY ONE WHO DOESN'T SEEM TO NOTICE THAT THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT ME — THAT I'M **DEAD!**

SO THEY GOT MARRIED! NOT LONG AFTERWARD...

WONDER WHO THAT COULD BE? ANGELA HAS GONE TO THE DOCTOR—BUT SHE MIGHT BE CALLING ABOUT SOMETHING!

R-R-RING

BUT THE DOCTOR IS ON THE PHONE...

MR. BATES? I MUST SEE YOU AT ONCE! A MOST EXTRAORDINARY THING—I WAS EXAMINING YOUR WIFE, AND...

IS—IS ANYTHING WRONG WITH MY WIFE?

YES, AN INCREDIBLE THING! I, ER, THAT IS—YOUR WIFE IS *DEAD!* NO, NOT IN THE REAL SENSE, BUT DEAD NEVERTHELESS! SHE HAS NO HEARTBEAT, NO PULSE, NO RESPIRATION!

A STRANGE SMILE FLITS ACROSS THE FACE OF HARRY BATES...

THANK YOU, DOC! THANK YOU VERY MUCH! SUCH GOOD NEWS! AND IT EXPLAINS—EVERYTHING! WHY SHE DIDN'T THINK I WAS PECULIAR!

LATER, AS HARRY MEETS HIS WIFE! THEY HAVE TALKED THE WHOLE THING OUT—AND ARE MOVING ON TO A NEW TOWN...

THIS IS THE LAST OF THE BAGS, DEAR! NOW WE CAN START OUR—(CHUCKLE)—LIFE OVER AGAIN!

TO THINK, DARLING, THAT OUT OF ALL THE WORLD WE FOUND EACH OTHER!

YES, THE TWO PEOPLE IN THE WORLD WHO ARE WALKING AROUND DEAD!

DARLING! WHO CARES? WE HAVE EACH OTHER—AND WE'LL DIE HAPPILY EVER AFTER!

The End

Tyrant Lizard Kings
EMPIRE